

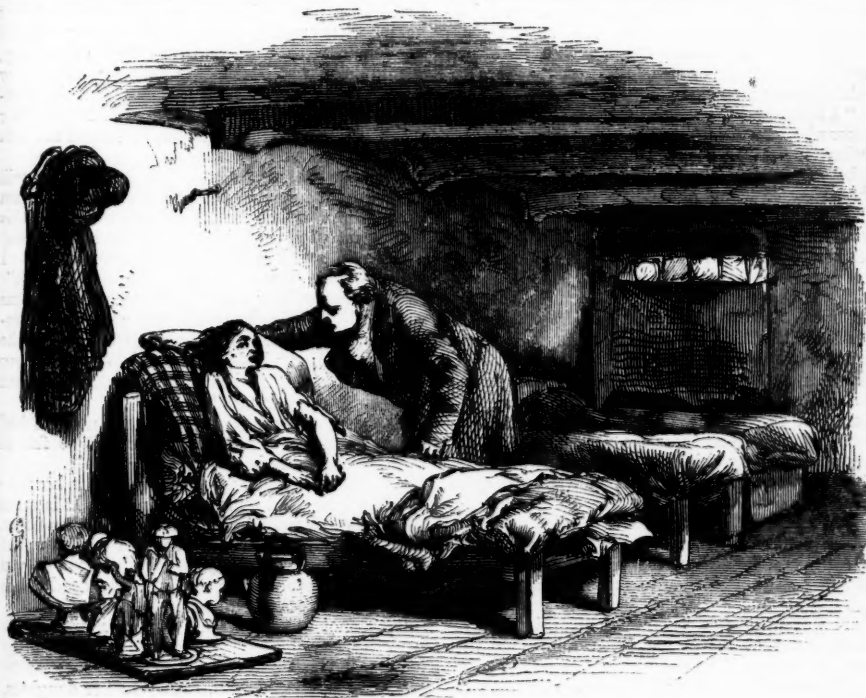
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THE DYING IMAGE BOY.

FRANK WESTON AND THE ITALIAN IMAGE BOY.

"WELL, sir, I will not pick your pocket by prescribing medicine for you which you do not need; but I suppose I must not leave you without a prescription of some kind. Now as you are in good health, and I suspect that the weakness and fatigue of which you complain arise from want of exertion, I would advise plenty of exercise. You should ride, walk, or run if you will, but not sit still. If you were in yonder drayman's place, you would have no more squeamish days or restless nights. You

must not be inactive, or you may really bring on that which at present does not exist—serious disease."

"Do you think a tour on the continent would be the thing, sir? only I always miss English comforts so terribly abroad. No, I have a great mind to take a walking tour through the Highlands, since you recommend exercise. What say you, sir?"

"For what object?"

"For health and amusement, doctor. Is it not just what you have been suggesting?"

"I had not quite finished my prescription when

you spoke. I knew your father; and since you have flattered me by saying that you came from town for the purpose of asking my advice, because of your confidence in my judgment, I will use the privilege of a friend as well as of a physician, and tell you plainly that I fear your disorder will not be removed by a trip to Scotland, or a walking tour through the Highlands. I have no immediate fear for your body, but there is a kind of mental paralysis with which you are threatened, against which I conceive it to be my duty to warn you. You have let me into the secret of your malady—a malady usually designated by a word for which we have no adequate translation. It is *ennui*. But *ennui* has a cause. You are living without an object—is it not so? You have had enough money spent on your education; but you are making no use of it. Forgive me," glancing at a novel that lay on the table, "I see those breakfast-table companions at more than one house I visit; but novel reading is only one branch of literature, and but an inferior branch."

The young man sighed.

"I believe you are right, doctor, and I scarcely know whether one ought to be very grateful to one's father for leaving one independent of all exertion. I begin to think that there may be a greater evil than that of being obliged to earn one's living. If there were anything to-day, for instance, that I must do—if any being in the universe were dependent on my exertions—I believe I could exert myself; but to tell the truth, doctor, the day's work with me seems scarcely worth the trouble of dressing for. As to this London life, I am sick to death of it. The ball, the concert, and the opera; the great dinner parties, with their much wine and little sense; the more snug *tête-à-tête* with fellows jovial enough, but who care no more for you than a snap of the fingers, and not so much as for a bottle of port;—all these are very unsatisfactory. There is nothing solid left after they are over. Such life seems like the froth on trifle and syllabub; it tastes sweet, and makes a great show, but it does not satisfy the appetite."

The physician gazed earnestly on the youthful speaker, and sighed in his turn. He knew the human heart better than to suppose that, with all this disgust and world-weariness, the young man's heart was willing to give up the world. He remembered that slaves had been known to hug their chains.

"Come and spend this afternoon with me; or, rather, come in at one o'clock and take luncheon with us. I would then ask for your company when I go my second round of visits. But I must not stay now," said he; and hastily taking leave of his friend, he passed into the hall.

A pale, thin, and slightly deformed girl stood there, whose constant cough had reached the doctor's ears whilst talking to Frank Weston, and although the handle of the door was in his hand, he paused to look at the stooping figure before him. Their eyes met, and she dropped him a low curtsy.

"I suppose I ought to know your face. Indeed, I think I do; yet it can scarcely be the same."

"Yes, sir, I called on you about a twelvemonth since. I have not forgotten your kindness, if you have."

"Really; oh, you used to employ yourself in shirt-making."

"Yes, sir."

"And did you take my advice, and go to service?"

"No, sir, I could not."

"How is your health then?"

"No better, sir; I have that same old cough."

"How is it that you have never been to see me?"

"It would have been uselessly robbing you of your time, since I could not take your advice, sir."

"Call on me before nine to-morrow; come quite early," and he jumped into his carriage, which rolled quickly away, leaving Frank Weston in a state of wonder, not unmingled with contempt, for the interest that this first-rate physician manifested in a poor shirt-maker. He wondered that he, for whose morning call many a fine lady and rich gentleman were waiting in anxious expectancy, should have wasted time in talking to a poor miserable-looking little shirt-maker. But the shirt-maker had business with Frank; and hearing her speak as he was going up-stairs, he turned towards her, and inquired her errand.

"I am come, sir, to say, that I hope you will excuse my not having finished your shirts. I am the person, sir, that Mrs. Halley, the lady of this house, was good enough to recommend to you, and I came to say I could not finish your work, I hoped to have done so, but have been prevented."

"Well, pray how long do you mean to keep me waiting? This is always the way with your country hands," said he, turning to Mrs. Halley, the landlady, who was looking at Bessie Eriant in deep commiseration; "in London I should have had these shirts a week ago."

"I beg your pardon, sir; I have not yet had them a week in hand; the pattern is so full of work, the material is so very fine, and—"

"Well, if you can't do them, send them home to me, and I will find some one who can. It is quite absurd; you had better not have undertaken them. Send them home, done or undone; I cannot wait."

"Sir, two of them are nearly finished; if you will wait till to-morrow night, I will send home those two, if possible, all ready to put on."

"I cannot have any *ifs*. Will you promise to send them home?"

"I will, sir;" and the girl left the house.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Halley to her daughter, as they went up-stairs together to make Mr. Weston's bed, and "rightside," as she called it, his room—"I wonder if Mr. Weston ever looked at the stitches in one of his fine shirts, or ever calculated on the amount of labour that such a shirt must require. Poor girl!"

Poor girl, indeed! she is but one of a large class of slaves, and quite of the better sort too, whose lives are too often sacrificed to the love of bargains, to the curse of cheap dress and ill-requited labour. Those advertisements of cheap shirts should make every woman's heart ache who knows the weary, weary hours that their sisters are doomed to spend over that one article of raiment, to be paid, alas, how ill!

Bessie could have wept on her homeward path, but weeping would have hurt her eyes, and they

already felt weak and aching. She must work all day, and she feared all night too, to fulfil her engagement, or she must forfeit her bitterly needed payment. So she went into the house and up into her chamber, where she would be quiet and uninterrupted by her little brothers and sisters, took off her bonnet, and began to work.

"Work, work, work,
In the dull December light;
And work, work, work,
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show their sunny backs,
And twit her with the Spring.

Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above her head,
And the grass beneath her feet;
For only one short hour,
To feel as she used to feel,
Before she knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal."

And oh that Frank Weston could have heard the short quick cough, the weary sigh of fatigue, and could have seen the faintness and the gasping for breath of the poor sempstress over his fine French shirts that day!

Dr. L. was waiting luncheon for him when he arrived, and the meal was hastily despatched.

"We must be quick. I have only an hour and a half for this round.

"But, sir, are they patients? because I am no doctor."

"Precisely on this account I take you. Such scenes as we shall pass through to-day are, alas! no novelties to physicians."

There was no mistaking the expression of Frank Weston's face as they entered a very dirty and low part of the city, near the river side. It was one of extreme and undisguised disgust. They were on foot too, and Frank's step was beginning to falter, when they suddenly stopped at the door of one of the better sort of lodging-houses. The door was open, and the physician and his companion entered unobserved. They stopped at a room on the right-hand side, and entered at once, after having knocked.

It was a large, dreary, scantily-furnished apartment, at the extreme end of which an old woman sat knitting, and a girl reclined in a chair, apparently asleep. She looked as though she might never awake from that sleep, so thin and worn was her sharp contracted face.

"Is there any change?"

"No, sir, I do not see any; she is, maybe, a little weaker, but as I say, poor dear, she may last to the fall. Hush! she is waking."

"Scarcely so long, mother, I think."

Dr. L. gently took her hand, and after asking her a few common questions, inquired if she felt the wine any comfort to her. The girl blushed, and the mother being suddenly taken with an idea that some one knocked, made the best of her way to the door, whilst the girl said hurriedly: "Many thanks to you; but no more wine—I am past hope, you know, sir; and what are a few days to one who is ready for Eternity? Do not send me any more." And she looked earnestly and with deep meaning into the doctor's face.

"You are not past the Bible I hope?" said he, looking round for the volume that usually lay by her side. The girl's bosom heaved, and he said little more. You would like, perhaps, that some one should come and read to you."

"Yes, oh yes!"

"I will try and have that wish gratified; meantime, remember those words of the dying missionary which I heard you say you loved to think of. 'There is but one thing needful on a sick or on a death bed, and that is to feel one's arms round the cross.'"

She smiled a grateful assent, and they left the room; but Frank Weston said that her anxious, longing expression of face, when speaking about the wine, he should never forget.

"There is a sad history belonging to that girl. It is a case in which merely putting your hand into the pocket does no good, nay, it does positive harm. That girl's mother loves drink better than her own child. She has perilled her soul for the gratification of that vicious appetite; and while the means remain she will continue to do so. How is one to help such a case then? Did you not hear her convulsive sigh when I looked round for and mentioned the Bible? That is gone, I doubt not. But do you think that she does not want that Bible?"

"Well, it would be easily replaced. I did not understand," replied Frank.

"To replace it would be very useless, and she is now almost too weak to read. There are other means of doing good, besides through the purse."

They were now at another house. A poor railway labourer lay extended on a low bed; his wife was gone out to get a little shoe-binding, he said, and he was all alone, with the exception of two children. After examining the limb, and speaking cheerfully of its appearance—for the poor man had lately broken his leg, from the fall of some earth upon it—the doctor asked him how they got on. There was no sign of squalid poverty there. The clock still ticked, and a piece or two of good solid furniture adorned the little chamber; the children who sat by the hearth looked clean and tidily clad; but poverty, grinding poverty, was there nevertheless. The accident which had befallen the poor man had taken away all means of support, and even that day—he owned it in a low whisper as the doctor bent over him—some of their best clothes were taken to pledge, and more must go soon. Yet such cases as these are not called cases of extreme distress; and because they looked so respectable, and because the man had been in the receipt of good wages and they had not yet begged, they had hitherto received no relief.

"This is only my second visit," said the doctor, as they were leaving. "He is not a patient of mine, but a young medical friend who attends him is taken ill, and I promised to call yesterday and to-day. I said it was not an extreme case of distress; I had better have said of poverty. I believe that the suffering of poverty in its extreme and squalid stage is less severe and intense than in such a case as the one we have just seen. I will not say that the feelings of such people are naturally finer than the feelings of those who sink deeper in poverty; but I have no doubt whatever that the edge of their feelings is blunted as they

are pushed down the rough road of adversity. It is such people as these, however, that I think it behoves us to help in their hour of need. I have only one more call to make."

He led the way down a narrow dirty court, where children were playing in the dirt-heaps that lay before the doors, and amongst whom there was not a healthy or a natural-looking being to be seen. They all looked blanched with impure air and scanty light, dwindled by insufficient and unwholesome food, and running wild in rude, boisterous, and quarrelsome play.

The ascent to the sick chamber was a difficult, almost a perilous one. It was in the roof of one of those high and dilapidated houses which every old city possesses in abundance. There were several beds on the floor of the chamber, but they were all unoccupied, with the exception of one, to which the physician with some difficulty groped his way.

It was a dying-bed this time, and it was that of a poor Italian image boy, to whose forlorn case Dr. L.'s attention had been only that morning directed by one of the missionaries of the city. He could speak scarcely any English, and his wants had hitherto only been made known by signs; but on hearing himself addressed in his own tongue by the physician, the dying boy seemed to gather life and strength; and whilst he poured forth his tale of woe in the stranger's ears, he seemed for a while to forget his weakness and pain, for joy and gratitude.

"Can you speak Italian?" the doctor asked of his companion, as they left the room.

"I ought to be able, sir; I have had great pains bestowed on me, and spent two years at Florence."

"Will you then become that boy's friend and instructor?"

"II!"

"I thought you wanted employment; I thought you regretted that there was no one actually dependent on you in the world. Now it strikes me that you have both time and ability to go and read to that dying foreigner out of the book of life. Did you ever seriously consider the worth of one soul?"

"I have thought but little of my own, doctor, hitherto."

"Well, who knows, but that if you go and read to him, and accompany the good man in his visits as interpreter, you may be led to think of your own as well as of his. There is only one way, you know. It is the same for the educated man, as for that poor benighted Italian yonder. Come, our time is up—we must hasten home."

"Before I leave you, doctor, just tell me, do you think it is really required of you, with your large practice and many engagements, to become little better than a dispensary doctor, or (forgive me) an itinerant preacher?"

Dr. L. smiled.

"Did you ever read the parable of the talents, sir?"

"Yes, oh yes."

"What do you think it means? Don't you believe that it contains a lesson for you, for me, and for every intelligent being who has ever seen or read it? Do you think that God gave you your property, your powers of mind, your natural ad-

vantages, your knowledge of Italian for instance, to lay them by in a napkin unused and unapplied? Of him, to whom much is given, much will be required. I believe it is required of me to use every talent, whether of mind or wealth, or of bodily strength, that I possess, in his service who has bought me with a price.—You will not come home to dine then? but let me see you to-morrow. I leave home at half-past nine; if you will come before that hour, you will just catch me."

Frank Weston went home, musing as he had never mused before. He was deeply affected by the scenes of misery which he had witnessed. The feeling, however, was stronger than mere sympathy. A conviction flashed upon him that he stood an idler in the world; in a world too where, from what he had seen that day, there was no lack of opportunities for doing good, if but the inclination were present. He carried these thoughts with him to his pillow. In the morning he remembered the request which the doctor had made to him that he would act as the interpreter to the Italian image boy; and partly out of respect for the doctor, and partly from a new feeling of duty which was dawning on his mind, he resolved, although at some sacrifice of pride and inclination, to pay a visit to the poor invalid, in company with the missionary whom the doctor had mentioned. He dressed himself in his plainest suit, and before nine o'clock was at the physician's house.

"I am come, sir," he said, with some confusion, on being shown into the doctor's study, "to ask you the name of that missionary—I think you called him—who goes about amongst the poor. I am sure if my knowledge of the poor boy's language can be of any use, I shall have great pleasure in going; but you know, sir, I make no profession of being religious, none whatever; and I think I shall be rather out of place there; however, simply as an interpreter I am quite willing to go. I am really ashamed to think how little I have done in any way for the good of my fellow-creatures; but this may be the beginning of better days."

Dr. L., with a smile, put into the young man's hand the address of the missionary, with an explanatory note. "I heartily wish you God speed," he added, "in your new undertaking. Let me see you again when you return."

The Italian was alone when they entered, and he looked at first rather disappointed when he found that the physician was not of the party. As soon, however, as Frank Weston addressed him in his native tongue, the languid eye brightened as yesterday, and his thoughts seemed to come too thick for his rapid utterance.

It was a scene fit for a painter's eye. That dying dark-eyed foreigner on his lowly pallet bed; the humble room; the board of images on the floor, and the sunburnt hat and well-worn wallet hanging on a rusty nail at his head. On one side of the bed knelt the solemn-toned, earnest, and benevolent missionary, his anxiety to teach the lad quickened by consciousness of inability to convey intelligible instruction, and his belief that the boy hung on the verge of eternity. On the other side of the Italian knelt the young votary of the world—the gay, fashionable Frank Weston, holding the poor boy's wasted hand, and a copy of the New Testament in

the Italian tongue, prepared to translate the simple comments of the teacher into words that the lad could understand.

It was a solemn hour. Here was an ignorant, lonely stranger, dying on a foreign shore, and at the eleventh hour offered the great salvation, and made willing to receive the message of reconciliation. The missionary little thought that he preached repentance to the benighted Italian image boy and to the English gentleman and scholar at the same time, and that when the simple earnest prayer was put up for mercy by that dying lad, it was re-echoed by him who knelt there, clad in fine linen, as well as by the beggar wrapped in rags. It was even so. The tear of penitence trembled in his eye. He felt that hitherto he had lived for himself—for the world. He now breathed the prayer that henceforth he might live for God.

They left for a few hours, and in the afternoon were there again. There was a great change in the boy. His eye was bright still, but it wore the peculiar and glassy look of approaching death; the voice was faint, and the breathing laboured. Hour after hour they watched the young life ebb away, reading at times, and at times repeating in his ear assurances of the Saviour's willingness and ability to save. Again and again he made a sign that the account of the dying thief should be read to him—a narrative well suited to the condition and comprehension of the Italian. For the fourth time Frank Weston repeated it in his ears. There was a pause; they thought he slept; when suddenly the dark eye opened and flashed intelligently, a smile illumined his pale lips, as raising himself on his elbow, he faintly uttered the words of the dying thief, in his own beautiful and expressive language: "Signore, ricordati di me," ("Lord, remember me") and immediately the silver cord was loosed, and the Italian image-boy sank lifeless on Frank Weston's arm.

From that day Frank Weston's life received a new direction. Many years have passed away since then, and no one would now recognise the languid votary of the world, in the active, cheerful, buoyant Christian man. The love of Christ fills his heart; his happy service fills his hand; and the prospect of eternal happiness cheers him on, and gives life a zest to which he was before an utter stranger.

THE RAILWAY CLEARING-HOUSE.

ONE of the most wonderful out-growths of the railway system of our country is the establishment thus designated. It arose out of the necessity, so strongly felt a few years since, for cultivating a certain measure of unity and harmony of operation between the different railway companies, for the sake of the convenience and comfort of their increasing passengers. Every great change, of whatsoever kind, by the sudden disturbance of hereditary habits and customs which it causes, is at first almost invariably accompanied by incidental evils. It was so in the early stages of that mighty locomotive revolution of which we are witnesses. Perhaps no

other device has contributed more towards the removal of the evils and annoyances thus superinduced, than the railway "clearing-house," which is supported conjointly by all the leading railway directories of the kingdom. Conceiving that its origin, constitution, and operations may not be known to the majority of our readers, we subjoin the following description of it, taken from Mr. Francis's recent and admirable work on the "History of English Railways."

The banking clearing-house in Lombard-street has been established about three-quarters of a century, and its aids and uses are well known in that great metropolis to whose purposes it ministers. The railway clearing-house, constituted to a certain extent on the same principle, was commenced in 1842. In the early annals of railroads a new difficulty had arisen, and the completion of the line from London to Liverpool proved to the railway manager that the facilitation of the through passage, at the points where the three railways joined, would be necessary.

It was found desirable that the passenger who wished to pass between the above places should not be annoyed by changing his carriage, and watching his luggage; and that the goods of the merchant should not be shifted from one vehicle to another with loss of time and risk of damage. It was a difficulty which had arisen with the increase of railways; and the public, ever ready to find fault, used all its energy to procure an amelioration. Those who scarcely had any other mode of travelling, declared they would rather patronize the old coaching system than be thus inconvenienced. Others dilated on the possible nuisance in eloquent epistles to directors; but all had one peroration, composed of the "supineness of railways," the "evils of the system," and the "results of monopoly." It was the old cry in a new form. But it produced its effect, and an attempt to remedy the evil was made, which, like many first attempts in the shape of reform, met with much difficulty. It is true the directors of some lines acknowledged the wisdom of the proposition, and endeavoured to make it subservient to their interests; but the same lamentable want of justice, which has been so evident in every portion of this history, followed one company in its dealings with another.

That there were various modes of keeping accounts, which involved mutual difficulties in making them agree, was natural enough; that this difficulty should create great confusion, was also to be expected; natural enough, too, was it that officials grew very angry, and that disputes arose in the settlement of accounts; but what shall be said to the most shameful fact, and what excuse shall be made for those unprincipled persons, who, entering into an agreement to render accurate returns, and pay a fixed rate for the use they made of each other's vehicles, should, in violation of faith, and utter disregard of right, make an unacknowledged use of the wagons of other lines, to an extent which was a positive grievance, and with an absence of justice which was a positive infamy? It is the writer's painful duty to affirm that a wrong like this was disgraceful to those who committed

it, and disreputable to those who connived at it. The simple rule of right is the best mode of governing, and no paltry expedients can ever fail of recoiling alike on those who plan and on those who profit by them.

Connected with the London and Birmingham railway as auditor, was one who, greatly interested in the welfare of railways, came, after much consideration, to the conclusion, that a central office, carried out on the plan of the banking clearing-house, but modified to meet the requirements of railways, would at once furnish a remedy. And fortunate was it for this idea that, at the head of the London and Birmingham railway, was a man not likely to pooh-pooh it, because it was the proposal of another; but who with characteristic clearness saw its advantages, adopted and aided it, gave the great weight of his name and sanction to it, and who, if he did not originate, at least assisted the infancy of that fine system, which suggested by Mr. Morison, has, under his watchful guidance, attained almost a perfect form; which, commencing with four clerks, now employs two hundred; which then employed by four railways, is now employed by fifty-three, and which embracing then a territory of 418 miles, has increased it in nine years to 4596 miles.

On the 2nd of January, 1842, from London to Darlington, and from Manchester to Hull, was the operation of the system begun; on that day the railway clearing-house commenced its career, and from that day it has increased more and more in importance; it has augmented more and more the comfort and the contentment of the public, while it has not diminished the dividend of the proprietor.

The main principles of the system so widely diffused, are, that passengers, by paying one fare, may go to any place, or any distance, without changing their carriage; that horses and cattle shall be similarly treated, and that goods shall be carried through without being shifted or re-sorted. Each company pays a fixed rate per mile for those vehicles which it uses, not being its own property, and no direct settlement takes place between any company when the accounts are passed through the railway clearing-house.

To enter the building with its various offices; to see the number of books and papers which constitute its contents; to note the many officials occupied in arranging them; to glance at the curious, and, to an unpractised eye, extraordinary documents, which appear to litter its desks, is, even to one not wholly unacquainted with great accounts, somewhat bewildering.

But to enter into the detail, to watch the working of the office, and to see how simply and beautifully the plan adopted bears on each peculiarity, how the accounts are simplified, frauds prevented, and error detected, is exceedingly interesting. Every ticket which the companies issue is sent to the clearing-house, examined, and returned to the railway which issued it; the number of tickets thus sorted being about 12,000 weekly. The returns received from the 1300 stations are placed in the hands of juniors to arrange and classify, in order to save the more valuable time of the senior clerks, who, to economize labour, have adopted every plan, hieroglyphical and tabular, that experience can suggest.

The office is divided into the goods, mileage, coaching, and accountants' departments; these again are subdivided into sections, and where the number employed exceeds twenty, every section has a chief clerk and accountant; where it is practicable, two of these gentlemen work together, each being responsible for those errors which all experienced men know must creep into large accounts; while, to procure a thorough mastery over their business, they are kept in the same department, and occupied with the same work, each, be it remembered, being first educated in the mysteries of railway geography. The accounts between the clearing-house and the companies are settled monthly, and monthly, therefore, are 16,500 gigantic sheets of paper, covered with financial statements worthy a chancellor of the exchequer, prepared for the various railways. As it is necessary, however, to send triplicates, it follows that 49,500 of the sheets monthly, or 594,000 yearly, leave the clearing-house, bearing on them those results which, arrived at with much labour, are necessary for the arrangements of the relative accounts, and connected with which is the fact, that they are copied at home during the leisure hours of the gentlemen employed in the clearing-house, and paid for independently of their yearly income.

From each of the stations the London office receives daily:—

1. A return of passengers booked through.
2. A return of horses, private carriages, and cattle, booked through.
3. A return of parcels booked through.
4. A return of carriages, wagons, etc., which have arrived, or been despatched, either loaded or empty.

These returns are analyzed, examined, and compared; other returns are prepared in the clearing-house, exhibiting that portion of the receipts of the through traffic to which each company is entitled, with the liabilities it has incurred by using the vehicles of other companies. In the monthly settlement it acts on the system of differences—a system which has been recognised by the banking clearing-house for three-quarters of a century, which is now acted upon by the Bank of England in arranging its half-yearly balances, and which is acknowledged as the proper principle of business throughout the mercantile world. Thus the balances of one company with another amount to hundreds, while the business itself amounts to thousands: 2,600,000*l.* is the annual amount of business: 400,000*l.* only is the sum annually paid. The committee of the railway clearing-house is composed of the chairman of all the railway companies included in its arrangements, Mr. Glyn being chairman of the entire body. Among them it is divided, according to the business of each, the expense of carrying out the plan. In the six months ending 31st of December, 1850, the amount balanced was 1,320,000*l.*, and the expense of management only 8700*l.*

An act of parliament has been passed to enable them to act with more security; an office has been erected suitable to their requirements, and as the advantages which follow in the wake of this system are already numerous, so must they indefinitely increase.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

A thankful world looks on,
And gives its benison:
America and Europe join their hands;
And o'er the northern sea,
Gaze forward hopefully,
And sound our Franklin's name through all the anxious lands.

THE narrative in our former paper closed without the discovery of a single trace of the missing ships, but, at the same time, on the very eve of discoveries of a very important character. On the 23rd Aug. 1850, Capt. Ommaney landed with the officers of the Assistance and the Intrepid on Cape Riley, on the north side of Lancaster Sound, where they found traces of an encampment, and collected the remains of materials, which evidently proved that some party belonging to her Majesty's ships had been detained there.

These first traces of the expedition were soon followed by others still more important. Captain Penny proceeded immediately to the eastern shore of Wellington Channel, and two days after discovered sufficient evidence that the cove between Cape Riley and Beechey Island, facing Lancaster Sound, was the first winter station of the missing vessels. Upon the beach and hill-side of Beechey Island were fragments of wood, metal, and clothing, with stacks of empty meat-tins. There were likewise the remains of the observatory, carpenter's shop, and armourer's forge. The tombs of three seamen, with head-boards bearing their names, and the dates of their deaths, were erected not far from the site of the armourer's forge. One of these men belonged to the Terror, and two to the Erebus, which is sufficient evidence of the presence of both ships. The date of the latest death was the 3rd of April, 1846. The seven hundred empty tins which were found formed but a small proportion of the 24,000 canisters with which the ships were supplied.

Captain Penny mentions a circumstance which he deems of great importance in its bearing on the route of the expedition—the discovery of a watch-tent upon a height about four miles north and west from the position occupied by the ships. This tent was evidently for the purpose of watching every move of the ice in Wellington Channel. He also saw the ruts of sledges, when going and returning from making observations in the channel; and in the tent he found a small piece of paper with the words "To be called," indicating, he conceives, that a regular watch had been kept. It is his opinion, and that of his officers, who examined the neighbourhood very minutely and carefully, that the expedition did not quit its winter anchorage till the end of August or beginning of September, 1846. That much of the summer was passed there they consider proved by the deep sledge ruts in the shingle, which must have been made after the snow had partially disappeared, and by small patches of garden ground bordered with purple saxifrage, and planted in compartments with the native plant. Various circumstances led them also to the opinion that Franklin's ships had left their wintering station suddenly. Strange to say, there was no memorandum of past efforts, or future intentions, found at any of the marked localities opposite the anchorage. But Sir John Richardson

thinks that this is not to be accounted for by the sudden departure of the expedition.

"The absence of a memorandum at the wintering station," he says, "is remarkable, and, in my opinion, wholly unexplained by any suggestion that has hitherto been given by the many writers who have made their opinions known through the medium of the periodical press. From Sir John Franklin's well-known anxiety to act up to the tenor of his instructions, combined with the express desire of the Admiralty that he should embrace every opportunity of forwarding accounts of the progress of the expedition to England, I should have thought that he would certainly have left a record of his doings at a winter station which he knew to be within reach of the whalers, before he commenced his voyage of the second season, in the hope of penetrating either to the south-west or northward, where he knew there would be little or no chance of finding a channel of communication, unless he succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, and pushing his way through that archipelago which has hitherto proved a barrier to successive expeditions. And should he, as some suppose, but contrary, as I think, to all likelihood, have cut his way out of Beechey Harbour merely to turn his face to England, still I think he would have left some authentic record on the spot, mentioning his labours and the cause of his return.

"As there are no natives on the north side of Lancaster Strait to disturb any memorial or flag-post that may be erected, Sir John Franklin would probably not think it necessary to bury the copper cylinder or bottle containing his memorandum, but would rather suspend it in the most conspicuous way he could devise. Now, I have learnt by experience that the wolverene* will ascend trees to cut down a package hung to a branch; and that bears have similar habits was fully ascertained by Captain Austin's sledge parties. A dépôt formed by Lieutenant M'Clintock on Griffith Island was entirely eaten by bears, the tin cases proving to be but a poor defence against the tusks of these omnivorous animals, who expressed their approval of preserved potatoes by the way in which they cleared out the canisters. That they would relish the pemican which was part of their spoil, might have been predicted. They did not respect even the sign-post, but overthrew it, and bit off the end of the metal cylinder containing the record."

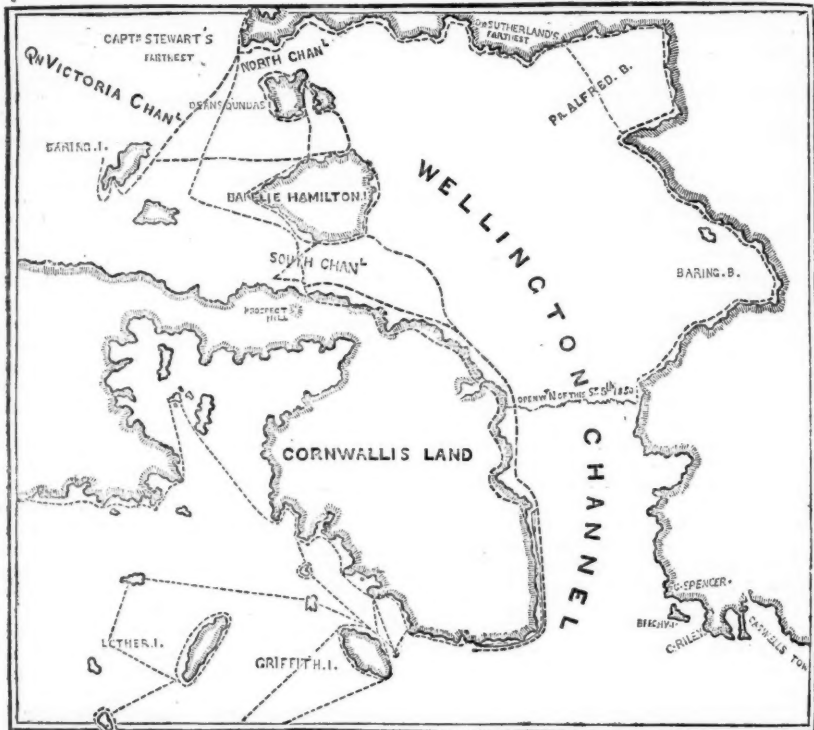
Richardson considers it probable that Sir John Franklin's memorandum has perished in the same way. But facts have now transpired which raise the question whether the cairns on Beechey Island were properly examined. It appears, according to the *Athenæum*, that neither Capt. Austin nor Capt. Penny, nor any of their officers, were aware that Sir John Franklin proposed depositing his communications, not in or under cairns, but about ten feet from them in a direction indicated by a finger-post to be erected on the cairn. Thus while the cairn on Beechey Island was searched, the ground around it was not examined at the requisite depth; and it is not improbable that despatches are at this moment lying in the cache pointed out by the finger-post.

* The wolverene inhabits the islands north of Lancaster Strait, and its recent footmarks were often seen by Lieut. M'Clintock.

That Sir John Franklin did not proceed to the westward by Cape Walker and Melville Island is rendered certain by the result of the researches which were prosecuted in that direction, which afforded no trace of his expedition, though Lieutenant M'Clintock found the wheels of a cart used by Sir W. E. Parry in 1820, and other traces of that officer's travelling parties. All the probabilities are in favour of his having passed northward through Wellington Channel, a route which his instructions permitted him to take in the event of Barrow's Strait being closed, and which one at least of his intelligent officers considered to be the most promising route of all. The spring journeys of Captains Penny and Stewart were directed to the examination of this channel. And both these

understood better from the map which illustrates this paper, than by any description*.

The existence of a polar basin, or open sea, around the north pole has long been deemed probable, and the evidence in favour of the supposition is greatly strengthened by Captain Penny's discoveries. He found animal life abundant in the open water and on its coasts. Walrus were seen repeatedly in the several channels, and polar bears were numerous and bold, so as to be dangerous to parties not well armed. Now the walrus cannot exist except when it has access to open water, nor is the polar bear usually found at a distance from it, except in its passage from one sheet of water to another. Our travellers also saw polar hares, wolves, foxes, herds of rein-deer, vast flocks of king



explorers and another party saw from their most westerly station a navigable sea, extending northward and westward to the utmost limits of their vision. "The moment I stood upon Point Surprise," says Captain Penny, "with a full view to the west, I exclaimed, 'Through this channel Sir John Franklin has gone in clear water. Oh! for a boat.' With this conviction on my mind, I returned, with the determination to use every exertion to get a boat up to this water." A boat was transported accordingly over the ice, and the open sea, stretching north and westward, was navigated for thirty-three days, till the advance of the season and the failure of provisions compelled the explorers to return. The track of their sailings, the islands discovered, and the coasts surveyed by them, will be

and eider ducks, brent geese, and many gulls and other waterfowl.

We are informed that M. Bonet, a distinguished officer in the French navy, was assured by Lieutenant Fairholme, who is attached to Franklin's expedition, that he and all his fellow officers looked forward to the possibility of spending six years in the arctic seas. And the now discovered existence

* The map which illustrated our former paper exhibits the coasts north and south of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits, as they were known previous to the late expedition. Consequently it exhibits only the entrance of Wellington Channel. The discovery of the open sea and the tracing of its coasts for a hundred miles beyond the previously unpenetrated barrier of ice, as laid down in our present map, is perhaps the most important result obtained from the toils and perils of the last search for the missing ships.

of an unfrozen sea, abounding with animal life, sustains the hope that the expedition could find subsistence even for this long and dreary period.

Sir John Franklin could not have spent a winter and spring so near the sea discovered by Penny without having ascertained its existence. He would never let the opportunity escape of examining as far as he was able to do a route that might influence his future movements; and, as the course to the westward, within the reach of pedestrian parties, was known, the resources of the two ships would be turned to the undiscovered way commencing in their vicinity. That such exploring party went beyond the limits of Captain Penny's researches, is inferred from the fact that neither post nor cairn marking the limit of its journey was seen. And that the expedition itself did pass into this open sea is inferred from a circumstance very minute, but very important. Mr. Goodsir, one of Captain Penny's officers, found a small piece of drift wood which had been recently charred, and had been exposed to little or no friction subsequent to the operation of fire. This was in latitude $75^{\circ} 36' N.$, longitude $96^{\circ} W.$ And Sir John Richardson does not hesitate to pronounce it a relic of Sir John Franklin's expedition. These coasts are not now visited by natives, and this piece of charred wood could not have been water-borne from any great distance. It must have travelled some short way, however, subsequent to its having been exposed to the action of fire. Other discoveries were made, which, though not connected with Sir John Franklin's ships, tend to establish the evidence of the existence of an open sea washing those northern coasts, and connecting the opposite hemispheres. A piece of elm board, that had been originally coated on one side with mineral pitch or tar, and after long exposure to the weather split by an axe, must have drifted a very long way. Mr. Goodsir likewise found a spar of American spruce, untrimmed, with its bark worn off, and broken at both ends, twelve feet long and as thick as a man's ankle, on the shore facing the open water; also many smaller pieces of the same kind of drift wood, while more was picked up by Captain Stewart in Wellington Sound. From this fact these officers inferred that the drift wood had come from the westward. Their general opinion was that the principal set of the currents or tides among the islands at the western outlet of Wellington Strait came from the westward, and the prevailing winds from the north-west.

Captain Penny's instructions were such as left him no alternative but to return to England in 1851; but such was his anxiety to search Wellington Channel, that his first act on his return was to implore the Admiralty to give him a steamer that he might go out immediately to that locality, which he regards as full of promise. What has prevented the success of his application, whether the tardiness of official forms, or some other cause, we are not in a position to say. It is deeply to be regretted that Captain Austin, the commander of the searching expedition, although satisfied that Sir John Franklin did not prosecute the object of his mission to the southward and westward of Wellington Strait, "did not feel himself authorized to prosecute a further search" through that strait to the northward. By this unaccountable decision a golden opportunity

of following up first successes has been lost. And his determination to repair to Jones's Sound in Baffin's Bay, for search in that quarter, was frustrated by adverse circumstances, so that he too is now in England, to the great disappointment of all who understand the present state of the inquiry.

"It is from Behring's Straits that we are next to look for tidings of great interest to the civilized world, which sympathizes so universally with the efforts made to trace and relieve so many gallant victims to science." "I have at all times," says Admiral Sir F. Beaufort, "expressed my conviction that if the Erebus and Terror should succeed in passing through Wellington Channel, they would find the northern ocean comparatively free from ice, and find it an easy matter to penetrate to the westward. Franklin's difficulties would therefore begin, when, having made his westing, he might endeavour to haul to the southward for Behring's Straits; for Cook, Beechey, Kellett, and all navigators who have passed through that opening, found the soundings decrease on approaching the southern edge of the ice, making it almost demonstrable that a bank of some hundreds of miles in length, and most likely rising up in many islands, stretches across from west to east. If those ships therefore did find their way through Wellington Channel, they have got into some labyrinth of ice and islands abreast of Behring's, or further west on the flats off the coast of Siberia."

Captain McClure, in command of the Investigator, now engaged in the Behring's Straits department of the search, wrote to the Admiralty in July, 1850, that no apprehension whatever need be entertained of his safety till the autumn of 1854. He passed to the eastward of Point Barrow the same season, and, if he found the sea open, may have reached the west side of Parry's Archipelago, and may have spent the winter not far from the supposed outlet of Victoria Channel. A gentleman, who for a series of years has been in command of his own ships, and experienced every vicissitude with which an adventurous career is usually rife, proposes to follow up the search in the same direction. Persuaded that the missing ships should now be *met*, as well as *followed*, and that in a much higher latitude than has yet been attempted, this generous-minded man, Captain Beatson, proposes to take a screw steam-ship up Behring's Straits, and to press with it westward and northward, so as to turn the barrier of ice and islands, which is supposed to extend from that meridian eastward towards Melville Island. And having gained the open water, which he believes to lie behind this barrier, he intends to work his way eastward, year by year, if necessary, in a high latitude towards the northern entrance of Wellington Strait.

Since the approval of Captain Beatson's scheme by the Royal Geographical Society, another mode of accomplishing the same object has been submitted to the public by one of our ablest geographers, Augustus Petermann. It is a well-known fact, that there exists to the north of the Siberian coast, and at a comparatively short distance from it, a sea open at all seasons; it may now be regarded as beyond doubt that a similar open sea exists on the American side to the north of the Parry group;

and it is very probable that these two open seas form what we have already called a polar basin, or a large navigable arctic ocean. "It is evident," says Mr. Petermann, "that until an entrance into this arctic basin has been effected, scarcely any hope can be entertained of rescuing Franklin, or of ascertaining his fate." Now, according to his view, the wide opening between Spitzbergen and Novaia Zemlia most probably offers the easiest and most advantageous entrance into this open polar sea*.

The facts and reasonings by which this opinion is sustained are possessed of great force. The shortness of this route is itself a great recommendation. The distance from Woolwich to the Herald and Plover islands, which have been lately discovered, north of Behring's Straits, by the course between Spitzbergen and Novaia Zemlia, across the arctic basin, is not more than the distance from Woolwich to New York, or from Woolwich to Beechey Island! At the time of our writing, it is uncertain whether the evidence in favour of this route may not prove so strong as to induce Captain Beatson to adopt it in preference to the one already resolved on.

The eyes of the public have lately been directed hopefully to the shores of Siberia. The basis of Lieutenant Pim's scheme is the same with that of every other which now commends itself to public confidence—the existence of an open polar sea washing the frozen shores of America and Asia, and the almost certainty that Franklin has penetrated into this sea. Admiral Beaufort's conjecture, that Franklin's ships, having crossed the unfrozen arctic ocean, may have got into a labyrinth of ice and islands abreast of Behring's Straits, or further west on the flats of the coast of Siberia, is already before the reader. Lieutenant Pim left England for St. Petersburg in the end of November last, to ask the aid of the Russian government to enable him to reach those flats. In the event of obtaining the sanction of the court of Russia, he would travel by railway to Moscow, and thence to Jakoutz, a distance of 5368 miles, on sledges—a journey which would occupy about four months. At this point all regular travelling conveyances terminate, and the journey of 1200 miles to the river Kolyma, as well as the 2000 miles of search along the coast of Asiatic Siberia, would have to be performed as best it might. The

authorities at St. Petersburg have entertained the consideration of this project with great zeal and cordiality, but have reluctantly declared it impracticable. To give one illustration of its difficulties—Lieutenant Pim's expedition would call for from 1200 to 1500 dogs for sledges, and provisions in proportion. Now these animals are only kept in sufficient number for the use of the inhabitants, and it is doubtful if it would be possible to collect such a quantity of dogs, even if the complete ruin of the natives, which must ensue, were entirely put out of the question. The men who have represented so strongly the difficulty of traversing those vast deserts buried under eternal snow, which lie between Jakoutz and the Kolyma river, are not mere theorists, but have themselves encountered the severest trials of Siberian travel. One of them, for example, M. Middendorff, was on one occasion storm-stayed in a snow cabin for eighteen days, his only food being the eighth part of a dog. And before he left his prison he had eaten his shoes and every bit of leather about his dress. A scheme condemned by such men, and on such grounds, cannot be prosecuted.

Meantime the search direct through Wellington Channel has not been abandoned. The Admiralty has resolved that an expedition shall be despatched in the ensuing spring to Barrow's Strait, consisting of two sailing ships and two steamers, with orders to proceed direct to Beechey Island, for the purpose of following up the investigations of Captain Austin. The Prince Albert, Lady Franklin's own ship, is likewise again at the scene of its former operations. It is now commanded by a Mr. Kennedy, who has had very considerable experience under the Hudson's Bay Company, and who was among the first Europeans that planted foot on the ice-bound northern coast of Labrador. This gentleman has crossed the broad Atlantic to undertake the duty, and has gone without fee or reward, animated by a pure devotion to the service and by a feeling amounting almost to a premonition of success. It is to be hoped that he has discovered the cairns erected by Captains Austin and Penny, and thus learnt the progress which has been already made. Mr. Kennedy has taken out with him seven carrier pigeons, which may probably be found useful as the means of conveying to this country, or to America, any information which he may deem important. This reminds us of an interesting circumstance connected with Sir John Ross. This veteran navigator, who, it will be remembered, sailed in 1850, and returned in 1851, took with him four carrier pigeons belonging to a lady residing in Ayrshire, intending to liberate two of them when the state of the ice rendered it necessary for him to lay up his vessels for the winter, and the other two when he discovered Sir John Franklin. A pigeon made its appearance at the dove-cot in Ayrshire on the 13th of October, 1850, which the lady recognised by marks and circumstances that left no doubt on her mind of its being one of the younger pair presented by her to Sir John. It carried no billet, but there were indications in the loss of feathers on the breast, of one having been torn from under its wing. It is now ascertained that Sir John dispatched the younger pair on the 6th or 7th of October, 1850, in a basket suspended to a balloon

* Wrangel and Anjou, in their memorable expeditions from the Asiatic continent, selected the most favourable of the winter months for their journeys over the ice, at a season when they hoped to find the ice most solid and at the greatest thickness. Nevertheless they invariably found the "wide immeasurable ocean" before them, at a comparatively short distance from the land; and this too to the north of what is actually the coldest region on the face of the earth. Now, it would be a monstrous anomaly, argues Mr. Petermann, if at some distance to the west, that is in the longitude of Spitzbergen and Novaia Zemlia, where a warm current is known to prevail, and where the temperature is from 40° to 50° higher, we should not find the same "wide immeasurable ocean." There is besides direct and unimpeachable evidence that such an open sea was seen to the north of Novaia Zemlia in winter by Willem Barentz, an able, bold, and honest seaman, the only man who with his party is known to have spent a winter on the northern shores of this island. This was in 1796. "It appeareth," he says, "that not the nearness of the North Pole, but the ice which cometh in and out from the Tartarian sea about Nova Zembla, caused us to feel the greatest cold. As soon as we made from the land and put more into the sea, although it was much further northward, presently we felt more warmth."

during a W.N.W. gale. By the contrivance of a slow match the birds were to be liberated at the end of twenty-four hours. The speed of pigeons is equal to one hundred miles an hour, so that the time is more than sufficient for the journey thus performed under the guidance of a most mysterious instinct.

The future is in the hands of a merciful Providence. The probabilities of Sir John Franklin's preservation and ultimate rescue are not to be easily calculated. But it is satisfactory to know that those who have devoted most attention to the subject feel that the time for despair has not yet arrived. And our readers will unite with us in adopting the poet's prayer:—

"Across the arctic foam,
To bring the wanderer home,
Speed on, ye fleets, whom Mercy's hand equips!
And may the favouring gales
Make music in your sails,
And waft you safely, oh, ye gallant ships!
May sunshine light your path,
And tempests still their wrath,
And Heaven guide you on your darkest track;
Speed on with high endeavour,
And hopeful courage ever,
And bring to British hearts their long-lost hero back.

"But if this may not be,
And o'er the frozen sea
They sleep in death, the victims of their zeal;
Be yours the task to show
The greatness of our woe,
And end the doubting hopes that millions feel.
Then shall the tears be shed
For them, the glorious dead;
And then shall history, on a spotless page,
Inscribe each honest name
With tributary fame—
The men of noble soul—true heroes of our age."

FRANCE AND ITS RULERS.

It is impossible to survey without deep emotion the posture of political affairs among our neighbours across the Channel. The feelings which animate us as we listen to the unexpected and portentous events which now and then startle us, like a thunder-clap issuing from the bosom of some angry cloud, are too solemn to receive any tinge from mere theoretical prepossessions in favour of particular forms of government; they spring from genuine sympathy for a great nation, mingled with boding anxiety, and a half-despairing hope, with respect to the fate awaiting it in the future. When will convulsions cease? When will civil discord be permanently hushed, and opportunity afforded for the growth of order, liberty, and religion? Sixty-three years have rolled away since the revolutionary storm began, and still its fury is unspent; it still rages with apparently unexhausted powers of mischief. It is true that more than 7,000,000 French citizens have raised Prince Napoleon Louis Buonaparte to supreme power; but, with the career of his uncle and the late Louis Philippe—both objects of the popular choice—before our eyes, we cannot hope, if to hope were lawful, that such an arrangement will be lasting. We can only look up with devout confidence to Him who rules among the nations, assured that under his guidance all will at last be well. Meanwhile it may be interesting to take a brief view of the three families whose rival pretensions have, since 1848, so singularly complicated the web of French

politics, whose mutual intrigues precipitated the crisis of December last, and whose claims, though now, with one exception, in abeyance, may yet become the soul of new factions, and the occasion of fresh disasters.

Of these families, the one which claims precedence, at least in this notice, is that which represents the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty. On the death of Louis XVI, and that of his son a short time after, the French crown would have devolved, in the ordinary course, upon his brother, the Comte de Provence. This prince, together with his younger brother, the Comte d'Artois, were the chief means of rousing the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia to those acts of aggression which awoke the military enthusiasm of France, and thus paved the way for the ascendancy of Napoléon. Immediately on the fall of the great Corsican, the Comte de Provence ascended the throne as Louis XVIII, a dignity in which, after a temporary flight, he was finally reinstated after the battle of Waterloo. He was succeeded by his surviving brother, the Comte d'Artois, who assumed the title of Charles X. His arbitrary conduct, however, once more threw France into rebellion. In July, 1830, he was expelled the throne, and the instruments of his despotic measures found a prison in the fortress of Vincennes. The Duc d'Angoulême, eldest son of Charles X, who had married his cousin, the only daughter of Louis XVI, was now the nearest person to the crown; but, seeing no chance of obtaining it, on account of the state of popular feeling, he waived his right in favour of his nephew, the Duc de Bordeaux; more commonly known as the Comte de Chambord, from the Chambord estate, which was purchased for him by public subscription on the confiscation of the Bourbon property by the French government. This prince is the idol of the Legitimist party, the most strenuous exertions have been made on his behalf, and there were moments during the past year when it seemed likelier that Henry V, rather than Napoléon Louis, would now be the recognised ruler of France. He was born on the 29th of September, 1820, a few months after his father, the Duc de Berri, second son of Charles X, had fallen beneath the hand of an assassin.

The house of Orleans, recently represented by Louis Philippe, for eighteen years king of the French, is a younger branch of the Bourbon family. It was founded in 1661, by Philippe, brother of Louis XIV, whose son, under the title of regent, exercised absolute sway during the minority of Louis XV. One of the most distinguished princes of this younger branch was Louis Philippe Joseph, surnamed *Egalité*, from the part he took in the first revolution. From the beginning of that struggle he made common cause with the most extreme faction; he wore the national cockade, spoke at the Jacobin clubs, and even voted for the death of the king; but, at length, lost his own life upon the scaffold. His eldest son, the late king of the French, experienced a chequered career. After fighting under the banners of the Republic, he was forced, at length, to find an asylum in obscurity. He filled, at one time, the post of usher in a school; at another, was obliged to teach languages for his support. Driven from Europe, he took refuge in the United States, and

after sounding the lowest depths of adversity, was raised in 1830, on the expulsion of Charles X, to the throne of France. His subsequent history is well known. After curbing the excesses of a fierce democracy for a series of years, and being regarded by Europe as a model of wisdom, firmness, and good fortune; when, by politic measures, he had almost ripened his ambitious schemes, and saw himself surrounded by an accomplished family, able ministers, and an army apparently devoted to his interests, he fell, in the course of a single day, to the condition of a helpless exile, whose ashes were destined, ere long, to find their resting-place in a foreign land. His eldest son, the Duc d'Orléans, was killed by a fall from his carriage in 1842, leaving, as the representative of his house, and the heir of its future fortunes, the Comte de Paris, who was born in 1838, besides his second son, the Duc de Chartres, who is two years younger. The prospects of the Comte de Paris are, perhaps, less promising than those of his rivals. His abilities, however great they may eventually prove, will lack the support of a title derived from birth; the terms on which his grandfather ascended the throne having virtually acknowledged the principle of those measures which at length drove him from it; and if the French nation should at last decide for royalty, it is more likely that they will choose the direct representative of their ancient kings, or the Imperial dynasty of Napoléon, than one who has neither abstract right nor popular prestige in his favour.

At present, however, the star of Napoléon is in the ascendant. That wonderful man seems to have engraved his name in the very soul of France. Though for more than thirty years he has slumbered in the grave, he rules that country with absolute sway. The infatuation which offered up millions at the shrine of his ambition, has strengthened with the lapse of time, and his name has only to be uttered to gather around it the suffrages of a people who are united in nothing but the homage they render to his memory. The disastrous splendours of his fame can receive little addition from ancestral honours, yet it is worth mentioning, that his family is of ancient date and noble origin. Its name occurs as early as the twelfth century among the knights of St. James of Calatrava. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Gabriel Buonaparte fixed his residence at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, and founded that branch of the family which has since attained a renown rivalling that of the Cæsars. The immediate ancestors of Napoléon were Charles Buonaparte, who fought along with General Paoli for the independence of Corsica, but at length acquiesced in the sovereignty of a nation destined soon to be governed by his son; and Maria Laetitia de Ramolino, a lady of great beauty and admirable mental qualities, who died in 1832, in her eighty-third year. The family of Charles and Laetitia Buonaparte consisted of five sons and three daughters. Of the daughters, Eliza, the eldest, married an Italian nobleman. She died August, 1820, leaving one daughter, the Countess Camerata. Pauline, the favourite sister of Napoléon, died in 1825, leaving no children. Caroline, the youngest, was married to Joachim Murat, with whom she ascended the throne of Naples; one of

her sons, Napoléon Achille Murat, married a grand-niece of General Washington; the other, Napoléon Lucien, was lately envoy extraordinary from France to the court of Turin. Of the five brothers Buonaparte, Joseph, the eldest, left no male offspring; and, on the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoléon by the empress Maria Louisa, the representation of the family properly devolved on the next brother, Lucien, and his descendants. But Lucien married without the emperor's consent, as did also the youngest, Jérôme, and on this ground they were both excluded from the succession in 1804. Admitting the validity of this exclusion, we must look for the representative of Napoléon in the family of Louis Buonaparte, the fourth brother, who married Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of the empress Joséphine, and of whom Napoléon Louis Charles, the president of the French republic, is the only surviving child. This extraordinary man, pronounced, as if prophetically, by his mother, a "mere compound of obstinacy and daring," is thus connected by both parents with the founder of the dynasty which he is evidently ambitious to perpetuate. He was born at Paris, the 20th of April, 1808. He had already made two desperate attempts to rouse the feelings of the people in his favour, when the revolution of 1848 opened the way for his return to France. He was forthwith chosen a member of the National Assembly, and in December of the same year, was chosen President by more than six million votes. His recent *coup d'état* is fresh in the recollection of all. Between seven and eight millions have vested him for ten years with all but absolute power. He is connected by ties of affinity with several of the leading potentates of Europe. Besides the prestige which clings indissolubly to the name of Buonaparte, he can count among his maternal relatives, the son-in-law of the Emperor of Russia, the Queens of Sweden and Portugal, and the Empress Dowager of Brazil. Whether his ascendancy will last, it would be presumptuous confidently to predict; but, should it continue, may he have the wisdom necessary to reconcile it with the true interests of the people he aspires to govern.

THE WRECK CHART OF ENGLAND.

SUCH is the singular but correct title given to a map which now lies before us. It is published by a committee which has been benevolently constituted for the purpose of improving the structure of English life-boats, and adjudicating the prize for the best description of that vessel which was offered by the Duke of Northumberland. The map in question is of the same appearance as an ordinary map of the British Isles, except that the whole line of sea-coast, from the Orkneys to the Lizard, is dotted with a series of black marks. These marks are not uniform in number, but vary from 1 to 20 at different places. Each mark indicates a shipwreck. A most melancholy effect has the chart when this key to its character is given, and startling revelations does it present of the loss of life and property which annually takes place off our coast. The whole of England bristles with these lugubrious dottings. Off Scotland they are com-

paratively few in number. In the Frith of Forth, for instance, we observe only three; but as we sweep along to Newcastle, each point and promontory is seen to furnish its quota; until at Newcastle, a long row of some twenty in number opens to view. The entrance to the Thames is more free than we might have anticipated; but the Naze on one side, and the Goodwin Sands on the other, furnish two very gloomy rows. The steep promontory of Dungeness has also a dark fringe, calling up a fearful impression in the minds of those who have seen that promontory, of the fate of those who on dark winter evenings are dashed against its rocky breast. Opposite the Eddystone lighthouse, we notice only one mark. Rounding the Lizard and Scilly Islands, however, we catch a glimpse of a dark mass near Bristol and Swansea, until farther up round Liverpool they extend in triple lines. Round the Irish coast and along the western isles the marks are fewer, but even there may be traced painful evidences of the work of destruction.

A note on the map thus sums up the whole. In 1850, the whole of the wrecks of *British* vessels amounted to 692. The wrecks of British and foreign vessels, on the coasts and in the seas of the United Kingdom, were 681. Of these 277 were total wrecks; sunk by leaks or collision, 84; stranded and damaged, 304; abandoned, 16; total wrecks, 681. Total lives lost, 784. There are, it is added, 75 life-boats in England, 8 in Scotland, and 8 in Ireland. About one half of these boats, it is added, are unserviceable.

These facts speak volumes. Each little black mark in this chart indicates a state of things which it is our duty to counteract by every appliance that skill and humanity can suggest. Do what we will, we are well aware such casualties as shipwrecks must occur; but a better training of seamen, light-houses more numerously disposed, and life-boats more skilfully constructed and more effectually kept in repair, would go a great way to diminish this melancholy catalogue of casualty and disaster.

THE LINNET AND HIS NEST.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

THERE WAS once upon a time, a linnet's nest in a quiet green lane—a lane very little frequented by travellers, where the only traffic was that of farmers, hinds, and ploughmen, with now and then an old woman in a red cloak with a basket of eggs or butter, or a young lass with laughing eyes and freckled face, bedappled with the shadows of the fluttering leaves, gliding noiselessly along beneath the trees. The grass grew plentifully on the ground and almost concealed the deep ruts made by the passage of the hay-carts and harvest-wains, so that if you did not take heed to your steps you might find yourself let down a good deal lower in the world before you were aware of it. There were whitethorns and blackthorns, brambles, hazels, and alder-trees, thickly clustering together in the hedges on either side, together with young ashes, old pollards, and graceful birches. There was generally a company of donkeys, strolling leisurely about the lane, placid, well-conducted members of society, who, if they ever had any wild oats to sow, had sown them long ago, and were ready to

make amends by devouring any quantity of oats, wild or cultivated, they could meet with in the course of their wanderings. There was a little brook of clear sparkling water which bubbled and babbled perpetually under the left bank, from one end of the lane to the other, and much farther in both directions than I can tell; and made music all night long, and all day too, though it could scarcely be heard then for the singing of the birds, who had it all pretty much their own way in the green lane, there being neither school-boys nor gunners in the neighbourhood, to plunder their nests in the summer or knock them on the head in the winter.

As I said before, there was a linnet's nest in this lane, built in a darkling bush of whitethorn, in the very thickest part of the hedge just over the brook, where it ran rushing by between a couple of great stones, all green with the moss of perhaps a hundred years. The old birds that occupied this nest were a prudent couple, who had brought up several broods, some of which had been taken by the ruthless hand of the spoiler, and consigned to a lingering death through ill-treatment; or, worse fate still, as some may think, to perpetual imprisonment within the iron bars of singing cages. Sorrow had taught them foresight, and they were cunning enough now to elude the ravages of the bird-nester by keeping out of his way.

They had now as fine a family around them as ever dwelt peaceably together in one nest. Dick, the eldest, was a forward kind of bird; he was the first to chip the shell and pop his little pate into the world, and before he was half an hour old had gobbled up a grub from his mother's bill half as big as his own head. He was always the first to open his mouth of a morning, kept it open the widest when anything in the eating way was going forward, and was the last to shut it at night. He was the first to get a coat to his back, and a crown to his poll, and the first to testify, to the immense gratification of his hard-working parents, the indisputable indications of a tail in perspective. The pleasant sunny days and weeks of early summer did a vast deal for Dick and his younger brothers and sisters. The whole domestic circle, with the exception of the parents, who lost flesh and feather through anxiety and hard work, thrived and grew amazingly; and one fine morning, to the astonishment of all beholders, the saucy Dick leaped from the nest to a spray just above it, and giving three chirps in honour of the event, flew to the top of the bush, and in a very loud strain proclaimed to all whom it might concern that he had set up in the world for himself. Neither of his parents was very sorry to get rid of him, for to say the truth the whole brood had grown so big of late, and had played such sad havoc with the nest, that repair was almost out of the question, and whether it could be put into a condition to qualify it for future service, was more than they knew.

But we must leave the old birds to bring up and turn forth their expensive family, and repair or rebuild the paternal dwelling as they best can; and follow and see what Master Dick is about, and how he is going to use the world and the world him. He got on bravely during the summer months; before he had left home a fortnight he could fly as well and as high as his own father.

He had a natural taste for music too, and as sweet a pipe of his own as one would wish to hear. What with learning new tunes, filling himself to his heart's content with insects and green seeds, he led, for a bird, a merry life. Cold and wet weather he did not like so well; not that he cared for rain, he could shake that off easily enough, but it sent the flies to their hiding-places, and, with the exception of a stray worm or grub, reduced him altogether to a vegetable diet. He learned a very small amount of prudence and patience by slow degrees, and began to think much less of the figure he was born to cut in the world, when he found himself as winter drew on in company with sparrows, chaffinches, wagtails, tomtits, and other ignotables of small standing, waiting of a morning on the shiny side of a hedge for the sun to thaw the snow-covered bank that he might begin routing with the rest for the chance of a breakfast. More than once he had a narrow escape of his life, through Charley Fowler raking the aforesaid hedge with his gun—a ceremony which determined him to keep at a respectful distance if possible from any salutations of that sort in future.

The winter wore off, as winters will do, and before March had blown away all his breath, Dick had made acquaintance with another linnet, whom we shall call Dolly. He had tendered his bill, which Dolly had accepted.

"Now," said he to Dolly, "we'll show the old folks how to manage matters. I'm not going to build my house in a dwarfish bush, where we may sit day after day and see nothing. I like to look at the world and see what's going on in it."

With that the young couple set off to Dick's native lane, and called upon the old couple, whom they found busy in refitting the old nest. While the old matron and the young bride sidled off together, Mister Dick announced to his sire his intention of setting an example to the race of linnets by assuming a loftier position in society. "I cannot imagine any reason," said he, "why we linnets should shut ourselves in such dark holes as we all of us do, while the hoarse crow and the hooting owl take possession of the lofty trees, and look around far and wide upon the beauties and riches of nature. I am resolved to assert our equal right with them, and build my first nest in the top of yonder oak; that will be a noble residence, a right royal dwelling."

"Very fine, I dare say," replied the old bird, "but if your mate lays her eggs a-top of that oak, it's my notion they'll never be anything but eggs; but you can try, of course, if you like."

"That I certainly shall," said Dick; and with that, calling Dolly to bear a beak to the work, the couple commenced operations by laying the first stick in the highest fork of the topmost bough. The work went on merrily, both partners labouring incessantly at their airy throne, which was to be a model for their whole tribe. In a few days it was finished, and who so pleased as our young couple with their new house. They took possession with much fuss and ado, and twitted the old folks in the bush below as being without a particle of proper ambition.

The sun went down, and Dick and Dolly went up to roost in their lofty domicile. Dark night came on apace, and with the night a dismal storm

of rain and wind and thunder: flash came the lightning! crash came the thunder! up and down, this side and that, rocked the young couple and their new nest, from which they momentarily expected to be pitched out. In spite of the admirable pent-house they made by overlapping the edge of the nest with their wings, the heavy bullets of rain beat through their feeble guard and wet their trembling toes. Already they began to doubt the prudence of the step they had taken, and to wish their new house could by any possibility be removed to a quieter locality, when—crash! came another tremendous burst of thunder, and down they were borne to the ground, along with the branch upon which they had erected their dwelling, and which the lightning had rent away. They managed to escape without much damage beyond the fright, and fluttering into a dry and tranquil spot under the thicket hedge, got through the rest of the terrible night as well as they could.

Master Dick's consequence had completely departed before the dawn of morning. His ideas on the subject of building had undergone a thorough revolution, and he now professed himself as much alarmed at the presumption of his parents in having their nest six feet above the level of the ground, as he had been before disgusted with their want of spirit in building so low. "No, no," said he, "no more thunder storms about my head for me; self-preservation is the first law of nature; henceforth, like the lark—the lark is a wise bird—I build upon the ground. Come, Dolly, you know we have no time to lose; we have the whole work to do over again, and the sooner we begin the better."

So to work they went again upon the ground in the lane, under the shelving grass upon the brink of the brook. After a few days of industrious labour, another home was ready for their use, and they promised themselves much snug and comfortable enjoyment in a spot secure from the angry blasts of the tempest and the observation of man or beast. No sooner, however, was the work finished, and Dick had got into it to look around and realize his comfortable position, than up tramps old Jubbin, farmer Fallow's donkey, and nosing down to drink at the brook, claps his "fore-foot" plump upon the middle of the nest, and crushes it to pulp in the mud at the bottom. Dick, astonished beyond measure, though narrowly escaping with his life, could not resist scolding the donkey, but the patient look of the ass was too much for Dick's displeasure, and there was nothing left for him but to select a third position, and to set about building a third house, the demand for which was now becoming urgent as the season was far advancing.

By this time Dick's opinion of his own superior sagacity was very considerably modified, and though more anxious than ever to see himself comfortably settled, he was in no hurry to make any further doubtful experiments. He called a council with Dolly, and they both agreed to go and consult the old couple, and take advice and follow it. Dick did not at first relish eating humble pie, but he liked the loss of his nests still less; so, with a deferential apology, he confessed his fault and besought the old bird's counsel.

"Dick, Dick, avoid dangerous extremes," was the old bird's reply. "That's a piece of advice I

bought myself by experience. I have great faith in the maxim, and I have acted upon it for some years, and though we have had our losses and bereavements, through fowlers' snares and mischievous bird's-nesters, I have reason to think we have been safer on the whole than we should have been in any other position. Take the advice that you ask. Make your nest in yonder clustering thorn, right opposite to ours, and I have no doubt you will find yourselves in the long run as comfortable and secure as it is the lot of linnets in general to be."

Dick did as he was advised to do; he set to work a third time with equal energy and perseverance, right in the centre of the shady bush, and constructed a substantial nest, secure from the assaults of the storm and tempest, shaded from the heat of the summer sun, and out of all danger from the heedless hoofs of Jubbin or his companions. Here he lived in peace, and happiness, and harmony, sang sweetly to his mate, and took his share of the domestic duties and anxieties, always in a cheerful and melodious spirit; he found life a bounty and a blessing, and acknowledged it so to be in daily and hourly songs of thankfulness and joy. For many years the loving couple made the green lane vocal with their gentle music.

The moral of this little fable would seem to be that a middle station in life promises best for a continuous and tranquil enjoyment of its duties and delights. He who by any means finds himself elevated above the position which Providence and his own qualities fit him to occupy, cannot reasonably expect to retain it long or enjoy it thoroughly while he does retain it. There are storms and tempests, and dreadful thunder-claps, in the social as well as in the natural atmosphere, and little men in high places, like linnets aloft, are apt to be hurled down even below their just level when these storms arise. On the other hand, if we have been born to a lowly lot, we should, while cherishing contentment, not sink tamely down without striving to improve it by every lawful means which God has given us; for too low an estate has its disadvantages as well as too high an one. Let every one find, as soon as possible, his due and proper place, and there, by the exercise of all praiseworthy activities, fit himself to rise in it, to improve it, and to make the path of duty what it is well adapted to be, the part of peaceful pleasure and progress.

DID HE DIE FOR ME?

A LITTLE child sat quietly upon its mother's lap. Its soft, blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story. The tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled sadness and joy. Sometimes they scarcely rose above a whisper, but the listening babe caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek, as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a long sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment and the ruby lips parted, and in tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired:—

"Did he die for me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child, for you—for all."

"May I love him always, mamma, and dearly, too?"

"Yes, my darling, it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."

"And he will love me, mamma, I know he will. He died for me. When may I see him in his other home?"

"When your spirit leaves this world, my darling."

"My spirit!" murmured the child.

"Yes, your spirit—that part of you which thinks, and knows, and loves. If you love him here, you will go to live with him in heaven."

"And I may love him here. How glad you have made me, dear mamma."

And the mother bowed her head, and prayed silently and earnestly that her child might love the Saviour.

OLD-TIME WINTERS.

IN 1664 the cold was so intense that the Thames was covered with ice sixty-one inches thick. Almost all the birds perished.

In 1692 the cold was so excessive, that the famished wolves entered Vienna, and attacked beasts and even men. Many people in Germany were frozen to death in 1695, and 1699 was nearly as bad.

In 1709 occurred that famous winter, called, by distinction, the cold winter. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the sea for several miles from the shore. The ground was frozen nine feet deep. Birds and beasts were struck dead in the fields, and men perished by thousands in their houses. In the south of France the vine plantations were almost destroyed, nor have they yet recovered that fatal disaster. The Adriatic Sea was frozen, and even the Mediterranean about Genoa; and the citron and orange groves suffered extremely in the finest parts of Italy.

In 1716 the winter was so intense, that people travelled across the Straits from Copenhagen to the province of Senia, in Sweden.

In 1726, in Scotland, multitudes of cattle and sheep were buried in the snow.

In 1740 the winter was scarcely inferior to that of 1709. The snow lay ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee was frozen over, and thousands of people went over it. And the lakes in England froze.

In 1744 the winter was very cold. Snow fell in Portugal to the depth of twenty-three feet on a level.

In 1754 and 1755 the winters were very severe and cold. In England, the strongest ale, exposed to the air in a glass, was covered with ice one-eighth of an inch thick.

In 1771 the Elbe was frozen to the bottom.

In 1776 the Danube bore ice five feet deep below Vienna. Vast numbers of the feathered and finny tribes perished.

The winters of 1774 and 1775 were uncommonly severe. The Little Belt was frozen over.

From 1800 to 1812 also, the winters were remarkably cold, particularly the latter, in Russia, which proved so disastrous to the French army.

Simple Questions scientifically answered.

FROM DR. BREWER'S "GUIDE TO SCIENCE."

Why does smoke ascend the chimney?—Because the air of the room, when it passes over the fire, becomes lighter for being heated; and, being thus made lighter, ascends the chimney, carrying the smoke with it.

What is smoke?—Small particles of carbon, separated by combustion from the fuel, but not consumed.

Why do smoke and steam curl, as they ascend?—Because they are pushed round and round by the ascending and descending currents of air.

Why does a "copper-hole" draw up more fiercely than an open stove?—Because the air, which supplies the copper-hole, must pass through the furnace; and, as it becomes exceedingly heated, rushes up the chimney with great violence.

What produces the roaring noise made by a copper-hole fire?—Air rushing rapidly through the crevices of the iron door, and up the chimney flue.

Why is the roar less, if the copper-hole door be thrown open?—Because fresh air gets access to the fire more easily; and, as the air is not so intensely heated, its motion is not so violent.

Why do some chimneys smoke?—Because fresh air is not admitted into a room so fast as it is consumed by the fire; in consequence of which, a current of air rushes down the chimney to supply the deficiency, driving the smoke along with it.

Why are the ceilings of public offices generally black and filthy?—Because the heated air of the office buoys up the soot and fine dust; which, being unable to escape through the plaster, is deposited on the ceiling.

Why are some parts of the ceiling blacker and more filthy than others?—Because the air, being unable to penetrate the thick joints of the ceiling, passes by those parts, and deposits its soot and dust on others more penetrable.

What is charcoal?—Wood which has been exposed to a red heat, till it has been deprived of all its gases and volatile parts.

Why does charcoal remove the taint of meat?—Because it absorbs all putrescent effluvia, whether arising from animal or vegetable matter.

Why is water purified by being filtered through charcoal?—Because charcoal absorbs the impurities of the water, and removes all disagreeable tastes and smells, whether they arise from animal or vegetable matter.

Why are water and wine casks charred inside?—Because charring the inside of a cask reduces it to a kind of charcoal; and charcoal, by absorbing animal and vegetable impurities, keeps the liquor sweet and good.

Why does a piece of burnt bread make impure water fit to drink?—Because the surface of the bread, which has been reduced to charcoal by being burnt, absorbs the impurities of the water, and makes it palatable.

Why should toast and water, placed by the side of the sick, be made of burnt bread?—Because the charcoal surface of burnt bread prevents the water from being affected by the impurities of the sick room.

Why should sick persons eat dry toast, rather than bread and butter?—Because the charcoal surface of the dry toast helps to absorb the acids and impurities of a sick stomach.

Why are timbers, which are to be exposed to damp, charred?—Because charcoal undergoes no change by exposure to air and water; in consequence of which, timber will resist weather much longer, after it has been charred.

Why does water simmer before it boils?—Because the particles of water near the bottom of the kettle, being formed into steam sooner than the rest, shoot upwards; but are condensed again, as they rise, by the cold water, and produce what is called "simmering."

What is meant by simmering?—A gentle tremor or undulation on the surface of the water. When water simmers, the bubbles collapse (*i. e.* burst) beneath the surface, and the steam is condensed to water again; but when water boils, the bubbles rise to the surface, and the steam is thrown off.

Why does a kettle sing, when the water simmers?—Because the air, entangled in the water, escapes by fits and starts through the spout of the kettle; which makes a noise like a wind instrument.

Why does not a kettle sing, when the water boils?—Because all the water is boiling hot; so the steam escapes in a continuous stream, and not by fits and starts.

When does a kettle sing most?—When it is set on the hob to boil.

Why does a kettle sing more, when it is set on the side of a fire, than when it is set in the midst of the fire?—Because the heat is applied so unequally, that one side is made hotter than the other; in consequence of which, the steam is more entangled.

Why does a kettle sing, when the boiling water begins to cool again?—Because the upper surface cools first; and the steam, which arises from the lower part of the kettle, is again entangled, and escapes by fits and starts.

Why does the water of a kettle run out of the spout, when it boils?—Because the lid fits so tightly, that the steam cannot lift it up and escape; being confined, therefore, in the kettle, it presses on the water with great power, and forces it out of the spout.

What causes the rattling noise, so often made by the lid of a saucepan or boiler?—The steam, seeking to escape, forces up the lid of the boiler, and the weight of the lid carries it back again: this being done frequently, produces a rattling noise.

If the steam could not lift up the lid of the boiler, how would it escape?—If the lid fitted so tightly that the steam could not raise it up, the boiler would burst into fragments, and the consequences might be fatal.

What becomes of the steam? for it soon vanishes.—After it has been condensed into mist, it is dissolved by the air, and dispersed abroad as invisible vapour.

And what becomes of the invisible vapour?—Being lighter than air, it ascends to the upper regions of the atmosphere, where, being again condensed, it contributes to form clouds.

Why does a metal spoon left in a saucepan retard the process of boiling?—Because the metal spoon, being an excellent conductor, carries off the heat from the water, and, as heat is carried off by the spoon, the water takes a longer time to boil.

Why will a pot filled with water never boil, when immersed in another vessel full of water also?—Because water can never be heated above the boiling point: all the heat absorbed by water after it boils, is employed in generating steam.

Why does water clean dirty linen?—Because it dissolves the stains, as it would dissolve salt.

Why does soap greatly increase the cleansing power of water?—Because many stains are of a greasy nature; and soap has the power of uniting with greasy matters, and rendering them soluble in water.